Dear Dione,

3/21/73

From durance vile (and there very vile!) to playgirl of the Houston world is surely a bigger jump than one on the moon! And with a bad leg yet. It is one of your more spectacular bounces. Considering those of the past, this is no tiddly-winks jump!

Your letter seems a bit confusing, but the one thing I gather is good, and that, of course, pleases. I have just a few moments before going after Lil, so this is a hasty response, withoutntime to reread your ltter or correct this one.

It seems that the next day you were going to the hospital for work on you and to a job for work on it. Quite a day, even for your recent record!

And what a variety in your social life. You've really got that part made. It is a small word that you found a former associate of Ferries in an Eastern pilot. He must be some older than you.

With all of this you are also the old (figure of speech, kid), patching it up with your dad and the very busy Scott all since your last letter. No wonder you didn t have time to write.

Houston Oilers? I take it this is their football team. My, my. You sure do it!

If I got breathless easily, this would take it all.

I had a noticon the AFL-CIA had a number of representatives there. Considering this is Texas, should I assume he is with the gas and pil workers?

But if they are paying for your surgery, sounds more like the bank-robbers union!

When a broken leg (later a broken foot and now one on which you can walk without limping) makes so remarkable a recovery, do you think you need surgery? They ought to be using you for transplants on spectacular recuperations.

There are really very few people who amaze me. This is to say you are unique. No insult, compliment. You study to be a mrotician, have this great trauma, and take your boards for a medical Radium Physicist and soar through with a 96. I always had a high opinion of your intelligence (not to be taken as approval of all the ways you've used it), but this far exceeds my highest opinion. You'Ve gotta be something else!

When to all of this you add a relationship with a local judge and two legislators, aren't you a little ashmaed to understate so when you ask only if things are not looking up? Looking is hardly the word and up has t o be outasight.

You have the wrong kind of blacks for enemies. Four of them have only one 357 Magnum? If nothing else, this tells me the recovery of your jail-broken leg is more sensational than I'd dreamed possible. But thank Caliban for those ever-present, ever-willing Black Panthers, hmh?

Such things would surely keep you busier than ever. Even too busy to write down such inordinately complicated things as a couple of numbers. Calling this merely busy is a large understatement. I knew you were not always good with names, but numbers I thought you could handle, even with your shoes on.

When you come off this kick, I'll be waiting for what I've asked and I will regard your answers and your silences as meaningful.

Euphoria is great if it comes from reality, not pills or dreams. If you read this to mean that politeness only prompts me to give three alternatives, your make will be not a paltry 96. It will be 100.

Meanwhile, don't fail to tell me when you jump that ship canal down there in one, one-legged spring (which is better than pitching a buck accross the Rappahanock). Or when you become the first woman accepted for the space program, despite the cutbacks.

Sincerely,